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SONGS

BY
A. L. WOODWARD

VERSES

BY

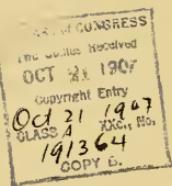
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Preface.

These verses are the gatherings of a life-time. No large outlay of effort was made, to produce them. They just simply came to me almost unsought. From boyhood, all the way through life, they have kept coming.

In the nighttime and in the daytime—at labor and at rest—through sorrow and through gladness—in days of plenty, and in days of privation they have brought to me much of hope, and courage, and comfort. My beliefs, my desires, and my ambitions are woven into them very thoroughly.

Now, I am sending them out, more than half believing that somebody, in this great, sorrowful, wonderful, lovable world, may care to read them—and may be, to treasure and remember them.

With good will and good wishes, I am

Sincerely Yours,

ALSON LANDON WOODWARD.

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Our Island Home.

I see the fair Champlain,
 Whose deeps our island bound ;
Upon its banks again
 Soft zephyrs sigh around.
The well worn, pleasant road,
 Still winds along the shore.
The orchard in its bloom
 Sends forth a rich perfume
And springtime's brightest plume,
 Towers o'er.

The house, the barn, the shed,
 Stand, as they stood before ;
And joyfully I tread
 Those boyhood haunts once more.
Unchecked I range again,
 Through each familiar room.
Few gilt belongings there,
 Few costly hangings rare,
But I love each old worn chair
 In its gloom.

Within the schoolroom then,
 An eager throng appears ;
As full of life as when
 We lived the gladsome years.
The teacher's cheerful ways
 And earnest words, inspire.
And when at recess, we
 Receive our liberty,
The playground rings with glee
 From our choir.

I hear my Mother's voice ;
 And feel her presence near ;
 And with the earth rejoice
 As summer days appear.
 And when the longed for berries,
 Grow rich, and ripe, and sweet,
 Where fragrant clusters grow
 We happy children go,
 Our hearts are glad, and so
 Are our feet.

A Father's quiet ways
 Could check our thoughtless mirth ;
 Great peace, and length of days,
 Were his upon the earth.
 Not easily cast down
 Nor loftily elate.
 A steadfast kind of man,
 Not always in the van,
 But with such men, you can
 Build a State.

Vermont, from lake and mount,
 Her mystic message, speaks
 To Sylvan grove and fount,
 Midst Adirondack peaks.
 Our shore—encompassed borough
 Grand Island county, keeps
 Romance of grief and mirth.
 A lore of treasured worth
 As long as mother earth,
 Wakes and sleeps.

There, nestled by the bay,
 The “city store” I see—
 The elm trees grand and gray
 And the plain old hostelry.
 Built well of Swanton marble
 The old time court house stands ;
 Where men of sterling mold
 Deep counsel used to hold,
 And earnest preachers told
 God's commands.

I see, with life like speed,
 The steamer onward plow ;
 The foamy waves recede
 Before her rushing prow.
 A smoky, heavy mist,
 And then a gentle rain,
 Comes on, and winds are shy ;
 Reposing now they lie
 Where billows ran so high,
 O'er the main.

The rain falls hour by hour,
 Earth's faded robe grows green,
 And ev'ry leaf and flower
 Shows fresh and sweet and clean.
 And when the sunshine comes,
 And balmy odors rise ;
 All nature buoyant sings,
 Each hill and valley rings,
 And life with gladness springs
 To the skies.

I see the sloops sail by ;
 Sometimes with level keel ;
 But when the storm gulls fly,
 They dip and swerve and reel.
 I love the juicy apples
 That the restful autumns bring ;
 And the prayer meet with its praises
 And the soft October hazes,
 And the beech nuts and the daisies
 Of the spring.

I sail, I swim, I skate,
 As seasons come and pass ;
 And summer mornings late
 Brush dew drops from the grass.
 Sweet, happy throated birds,
 With songs the sleepers wake ;
 And when some day is drear,
 With just a touch of fear
 The loon's lone cry I hear,
 On the Lake.

In rugged seam and cleft,
 Gnarled cedars cling to life ;
 Like grim subalterns left
 Upon a field of strife.
 Dense, darkling copses,
 Filled with odor, shade the way.
 And through the scented screen
 I see the water's sheen,
 As Night, with step serene
 Meets the Day.

Oft times, when sunset nears,
 Saint Albans' windows shine,
 Like diamond-pointed spears
 Or jewels round a shrine.
 The Lake grows hushed and still,
 As one who fain would sleep ;
 While on her quiet breast
 Those small isles lie at rest
 As by a mother pressed—
 Shadows creep.

And in the afterglow,
 With stars for lanterns hung,
 They shift, those islands low,
 Like ships at anchor swung.
 But ah, the sweet delusion,
 Cannot forever last.
 I wake and as a gleam
 Of light, its visions seem ;
 That fondly cherished dream
 Of the Past.

A Woman's Eyes.

How shy they are, how close they keep
Love's secrets hid in mines so deep ;
Then flash a look that tells you more
Than they had ever told before.
What wondrous things within them lie,
What argosies of by and by.
Sweet songs of seas, and earth and skies,
Are mirrored in a woman's eyes.

Sometimes they hold a great content ;
As wide as heaven's firmament.
Some times dark waves across them roll,
That tell us of a troubled soul.
But when life's banners trail in dust,
They fill with courage, love and trust.
Sweet songs of seas and earth and skies,
Are mirrored in a woman's eyes.

How pure they are ; when in their deeps
Blest mother-love abides, and keeps
Its mighty sway. Or when they hold
Love's blissful story, yet untold.
Through joy and grief, they thrill and shine,
With light close kin to Light Divine.
Sweet songs of seas and earth and skies,
Are mirrored in a woman's eyes.

A Song For The Flag.

Keep the old Flag aloft, on the land, on the sea,
 With its white folding soft—with its red flowing free—
 With its stars brightly beaming up there in the blue ;
 Keep its beauty unsoiled, keep its promises true.
 What clear eyes of azure look out from its folds ;
 What records of courage and honor, it holds.

“Old Glory,” they hailed it, with reverent breath,
 Warm hearts waiting there in the presence of death
 For the strife to begin. And they went where it led,
 Though their pathway was strown with the wounded and dead.
 What clear eyes of azure look out from its folds ;
 What records of valor and triumph, it holds.

And fond, faithful hearts, giving all for its sake,
 Have silently prayed, lest with pain they should break,
 While they gave up their loved ones to follow its way
 Through the camp and the march and the desperate fray.
 What pure eyes of azure look out from its folds ;
 What treasures of trust and devotion, it holds.

How hearts all aweary with sorrow and pain,
 Leap up, and are thrilling with gladness again,
 When the Flag in its grandeur sweeps out to the sky
 Like the Pillar and Cloud unto Israel nigh.
 What music and rapture lie hid in its folds ;
 What promise of hope and of refuge, it holds.

Dear, beautiful Banner ! We pledge unto thee
 Our loyalty’s truth for the years that shall be.
 May the centuries greet thee in story and song,
 Ever friend to the right—ever foe to the wrong—
 While clear eyes of azure look out from thy folds,
 And earth in her gladness, thy beauty beholds.

The Counting-House of Fame.

I was dreaming, idly dreaming, in the stillness there alone ;
 Careless fancy busy teeming with creations of its own ;
 When around me rose a murmur as of voices grave and low,
 And a form stood up before me, noble, excellent and slow.
 And he pointed to a structure, standing on a rise of ground,
 With a scene of rarest beauty slanting lovingly around.
 Then he said in solemn accents, as I sought to know his name—
 “I am he who keeps the records, in the Counting-House of Fame.”

As he strode toward his mansion, I arose and followed on,
 Trod across the marble threshold where unnumbered feet had gone,
 Roused the heavy rumbling echoes in the arches overhead,
 As I followed the tall stranger, with his firm and easy tread.
 There was earnest, solid plainness, through those massive marble halls ;
 And I saw that names were written on their time defying walls.
 That grave stately leader, standing, bade me wait and listen, then ;
 While beside him lay a volume, and he held a wondrous pen.

Soon a shadow darked the doorway and an aspirant came in,
 Smiling, bowing, full of folly—certain that his worth should win.
 Then that thoughtful, grand Recorder, slowly moved his mighty hand ;
 Traced some words upon the parchment—made a gesture of command.
 As the writing dimmed and faded, the intruder left the hall,
 For his name was all unworthy to be written on the wall.
 Others came, with anxious faces, to be tested one by one ;
 Came and went, from early morning 'till the setting of the sun.
 Came at twilight and at midnight—came from all the lands of earth—
 Came from haunts of want and sorrow—came from halls of ease and mirth.

Poets came and men of learning—princes came and men of state ;
 Workers came and men of leisure ; men of peace and men of hate.
 Villains came with bribes and favors—thinking to atone the Past ;
 Christians came with holy purpose from a harvest rich and vast.
 Warriors fresh from fields of carnage came with grand, triumphant tread—
 Women came from works of mercy midst the dying and the dead.
 From the mansion and the hovel came the master and the slave ;
 From their plotting came the crafty—from their trial came the brave.
 Came the heralds and the builders—they whose courage led the way,
 Piloting the toiling millions to a brighter, better day.

Genius came, and wild ambition—pride came vaunting up itself ;
Came the rich demanding favor through their worshipped hoards of pelf.
Came the noble and the gifted—those of heart and purpose high ;
And the earnest true disciple, ready for the Cross to die.
Came the men of great assurance—came the humble and the poor,
Came the men of finest culture—came the over-mannered boor,
Came the gray haired sire and matron, burdened with the weight of years ;
Childhood pressing close beside them, with its flitting hopes and fears.

Women came---whose rarest treasures were of grace and truth and love ;
Though their gifts of song and story, seemed like missions from above.
Women came whose disappointment brought a look of sharpest pain
O'er the face of that Recorder. Yet he pitied them in vain.
For he might not shrink from duty—lest his pity thus should bring
Swift impeachment of the record—swift from Peasant and from King.
Some with faith that would not falter, came with offerings ever new,
Not for pity, but for justice, till they won it as their due.

Yet the throng came ever, bringing treasures which they deemed the best ;
Handiwork of soul and body, culled from vale and mountain crest.
Scoffers tell us all is fleeting—transient as our very breath,
That our highest, best competing, meets oblivion in death.
But our best life is Immortal ! And it meets earth's battle shock,
In the strength of One who loved us ! So, within those walls of rock
Names are written—deeply—grandly—names that never shall decay—
Written in the solid marble ; and upon the granite gray.

A Song of Hope—1863.

Our nation's heart today,
 Beats fearfully with woe ;
 Yet cheering us alway,
 This glorious truth we know.
 As sure as God is Freedom's friend
 The right shall triumph in the end.

The great deeds of reform
 That bless and gladden earth ;
 Midst revolution's storm
 Have ever had their birth.
 As sure as God is Freedom's friend
 The right shall triumph in the end.

From out the mighty throes,
 That swept o'er Europe's breast,
 In strength and grandeur rose,
 Our empire of the west.
 As sure as God is Freedom's friend
 The right shall triumph in the end.

These blood bought, fair estates,
 To Liberty belong ;
 Yet at her temple gates,
 Hath stalked a giant wrong.
 As sure as God is Freedom's friend
 The right shall triumph in the end.

For every darkening stain
 We've placed on Freedom's brow,
 Through trial, grief and pain,
 We make atonement now.
 As sure as God is Freedom's friend
 The right shall triumph in the end.

When His decree unrolled,
 Hath set the bondman free ;
 Our Banner as of old,
 Shall wave on ev'ry sea.
 As sure as God is Freedom's friend
 The right shall triumph in the end.

"Ben."

He's a lover of truth and impatient of lies ;
 And a trifle round shouldered is Ben—
 And a little bit twisted is one of his eyes,
 But he's straight in his dealings with men.

You had just ought to see, how his shoulders will lift,
 And his eyes get a flash like the sun,
 When out on life's pathway of peril and drift,
 Some wrong is attempted or done.

Then the villains cringe down, and get out of his path,
 While he rises above them like Saul—
 And towers, and tramples, and blazes with wrath,
 Till he looks about seven feet tall.

In matters he mostly is pretty near right ;
 And he's earnest and loyal and true ;
 And I hope that his face will keep cheerful and bright,
 Till age brings the Haven in view.

In The Presence of Death.

How little man saith,
 In the presence of death.
 How hushed into awe are the sirens that sing,
 As they lie at the feet of the sad, silent King.
 How quiet is mirth,
 How the treasures of earth
 Dwindle down.
 How the crown
 Of the martyr is studded with gems,
 While the path of the Christian is flooded with light
 And the faithful of earth, don their bright
 Diadems.

WOODWARD'S HYMN.

Mother Earth.

Sent onward by Almighty force—
 Borne by vast, silent wings ;
 Poised safe on her majestic course,
 The great earth rocks and swings.

Her bosom breathes ; her pulses thrill ;
 Her heart is warm with life ;
 She feels the moods of human will,
 And grieves at human strife.

She bears upon her patient breast,
 Our cities, homes, and fields ;
 And answering to human quest,
 Her grand abundance yields.

She sees the centuries go by—
 The nations rise and fall ;
 Their dead within her refuge lie ;
 She giveth rest to all.

Submissive to a ruling Hand,
 She meets His great design !
 Each plain, each mount, each grain of sand,
 Awaits the touch divine.

She waits the Resurrection Day ;
 That wondrous second Birth ;
 When sin and death shall pass away—
 This dear old Mother—Earth.

A Statement—A Protest—**And an Appeal.**

Across an unsailed ocean, some Centuries ago,
 With hope, and yet misgiving, three ships came sailing slow.
 For a King and Queen had listened, to the tales a dreamer told
 Of a far off western country filled with spices and with gold.
 And the King had turned disheartened, from such wild tales as these,
 But the Queen had pledged her jewels, for that venture on the seas.
 Then they found that land of wonder and the dreamers's dream was true;
 And with Spain's majestic triumph the world thrilled through and through.

And it brought her vast possessions, much of empire and renown ;
 Mighty Kingdoms sought her favor and grew troubled at her frown,
 From the land of Montezuma, came her treasure-laden ships ;
 From climes of gold, where sunset in the wide Pacific dips.
 And as ever fares with nations, grown rich and proud and strong,
 Came many fierce temptations to lure her to the wrong.
 She has seen those great possessions and her empire, pass away,
 'Till with spirit grieved and chastened she confronts the world today.

We want no league with Albion, no covenant of woe—
 To drag us on the downward road where she is doomed to go.
 We seek no close alliance to partner her disgrace,
 While our own not perfect record is quite enough to face.
 We forget not of her Pitt and Burke, her Wilberforce and Bright—
 Nor the pages of her record that are clean and clear and white ;
 But Ireland, crushed Ireland, comes vivid to our thought
 And spread abroad through all the earth the ruin she has wrought.

A China reeked with opium, an India's heart blood spilt.
 Commingle with the awful dregs of England's cup of guilt.
 Now, in her isolation, her cheek is blanched with fear,
 And she turns to us to shield her from the judgment drawing near.
 We can pity the wrong doer, scanning deeds that he has done,
 But we must not be partaker of the spoil that he has won.
 Let us give that mother country, friendship's hand when she is right,
 But no token of approval for the wrong done through her might.

We greet the house of Romanoff, with deep, abiding trust,
 Since we deem them unpolluted of mammon's greed and lust ;
 For the land that freed its peasants and gave them help to start,
 As a father would his children, has a warm and faithful heart.
 We remember, in our trial, while our life blood ebbed away
 How some warships came to anchor in our Manhattan bay,
 And the arm of intervention, from its cruel work was stayed,
 When the Czar's firm hand in warning—upon Britain's wrist was laid.

We remember in Bulgaria to quell some wicked work,
 How the Russian for the Christian, went down and smote the Turk.
 What if by a hand Almighty—on her upward journey led,
 Europe's mighty, northern empire, path of prophecy may tread?
 Is it strange, that once our ally, France feels her anger stir,
 When she views through all our greatness our ingratitude to her?
 We have reached by grand endeavor, some lofty heights and yet,
 It is sad that all our triumphs hold some shadow of regret.

Now, a brave and chaste Queen Regent, strives valiantly to save
 Some precious pearls and jewels, that to Spain the old Past gave.
 We must honor that Queen Mother though our armies meet in strife ;
 Ours to give a people freedom—hers to shield a nation's life.
 Let us not be too forgetful, that the State she guards so well,
 Is the place where our own Irving and our Lowell loved to dwell.
 Then let not all too fiercely, our Anathema be hurled
 On the land that gave Murillo and Columbia to the world.

Do we wage a war of conquest? Seek we craftily to gain
 Heritage for which we loudly scoffed at and derided Spain?
 Has our dalliance with Delilah swayed us from our moorings so
 That we quite forget the warning, and the teaching of Monroe?
 Let us heed the old time leaders—led by whom in days of yore,
 We, our Red Sea crossed in safety though the storm and breaker's roar.
 Let us put away our bombast—keeping justice in our marts,
 With that peerless Flag above us and the Truth within our hearts?

That Boy on The Steps of The Bank.

A bright afternoon on an elegant street,
 Where style promenades in her trappings complete,
 While labor is turning the crank ;
 And swinging his feet right in front of the door
 Which admits haughty Dives even later than four,
 Sits a boy on the steps of the bank.

No pampered young scion of luxury, he,
 To whom fawning friends hold a suppliant knee,
 But a dweller with poverty lank.
 He squints now and then with a critical eye,
 As he studies the crowd and the hills and the sky—
 That boy on the steps of the bank.

He whistles away and he drums at his tune
 And his face is as clear and as happy as June,
 For he's no one to fear or to thank.
 Can you lend him a thousand, on sight? or at call?
 He's plenty of backing—inside of the wall—
 That boy, on the steps of the bank.

He's a quizzical fellow, his clothes are a fit
 For a boy twice as large ; but he cares not a whit
 For the follies of fashion and rank.
 He's a hand that can do, and a heart that can dare,
 Perhaps he's an eye on the President's chair—
 That boy on the steps of the bank.

He is just launching out on life's perilous main,
 Its trials to dare and its treasures to gain
 And he starts with a crust and a plank ;
 His allies are few and his chances are small,
 But I venture to think he may win, after all—
 That boy on the steps of the bank.

I have hope that he'll win ; for not wholly unwise,
 Is the thought in his face and the look in his eyes,
 'Neath his locks so unshaven and dank ;
 Since he dimly discerns, what the Patriarchs knew,
 That 'tis *grand to be faithful and brave to be true*—
 That boy, on the steps, of the bank.

I'm Thirty-Nine To-Day.

Im thirty-nine today,
And time is on the wing ;
My boyhood's gone for aye,
Though its hopes around me cling.
A few more rapid years
And I'll be growing gray ;
A few more hopes, a few more fears—
I'm thirty-nine today.

Well up the hill of life,
Before me I can see
The downward stretch that borders on
The life which is to be.
My three score years and ten
Are more than half away ;
I feel quite young, but then,
I'm thirty-nine today.

I have treasures here that I call my own,
And I'll guard them day and night ;
Till the Bend in the River, I pass alone,
Brings the Beautiful Land in sight.
And down the river my treasures will come
Still nearing me on the way,
Till I bid them welcome in sight of Home—
I'm thirty-nine today.

Gettysburg.

Strife mowed columns of men, that day,
As a mower mows his swath of hay.

While a nation trembled and held its breath
At the awful wrath of that Angel—death.

War's tidal wave, in the battle smoke
Rolled up to Round Top crests—and broke.

A Chieftain, high in the flush of fame,
Went sadly back o'er the way he came.

An army, shorn of its great success,
Returned to its "Lair" in the "Wilderness."

And now, when the storm has passed away,
And Peace has united the Blue and Gray,

Our country honors, with chastened pride,
The brave who lived—and the brave who died.

De Wet in The Saddle.

De Wet's in the saddle ; from mountain and glen
That wonderful leader of wonderful men.

They smite like the lightning, yet silent as snow,
Like visions they come, and like visions they go.

De Wet's in the saddle ; how quiet they come,
No shouting of trumpet, no beating of drum—
Sometimes a soft bugle note kisses the air,
Some hoof beats, ah then, let the legions beware.

De Wet's in the saddle ; no infamy bold,
No flaunting of pageant, no glitter of gold
Can hide from God's searching the grief and the tears,
The woe and the loss of the desolate years.

De Wet's in the saddle ; his blood may yet stain
The paths he has trod in his glory and pain.
But whatever may come, be it battle or rest
He hath won to the front with the bravest and best.

De Wet's in the saddle ; fierce trample of wrong,
The insolent boast of the haughty and strong
Shall cease when despair smites their ghoul-haunted mirth—
There are warnings of judgment abroad on the earth.

The Red Men and The Pale Face.

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION, 1907.

Let the "Mother of Presidents" stand in her place,
And remember the past with its glorified face.

Let her think of grand deeds, on the land, on the sea—
Of Jefferson, Jackson, and Sherman and Lee,

Of our country's vast treasure of women and men,
Who wrought for humanity's blessing, and then—

Let her ponder a little; let Avarice wait
With his plunder, outside of the Beautiful Gate
Which shuts in the warm hearts that have given so much
And shuts out leering Greed with his insolent clutch.

Let us send out her heralds with pleasant alarms
Over valleys and mountains and cities and farms—

To call forth the great Chieftains who dwelt here so long;
Bronzed Kings of the forest, brave, silent and strong.

Let them bivouac round, with the tribes whom they led;
Make room for them all in the Camps of the Dead,

Let them mingle among us, in silence, unseen
And view the bright pageant, in shadow and sheen.

Call proud Osceola of Everglade fame—
Call the hunters who chased without wasting the game.

Call Blackhawk whose name the shrill warwhoop awakes,
And Pontiac, Monarch around the Great Lakes.

Call fine Pocahontas, a Princess by birth
And lofty Powhatan, great Sachem of earth.

Call the statesmen who kept ev'ry pledge that they made
With faith that failed not, till their trust was betrayed.

Call Canonicus—peer of the best of his race,
Call Tecumseh and Philip and Rain in the Face.

Call eloquent orators, dignified, deep,
And the long line of warriors, peaceful—asleep.

Let them see the Queen City and pass through the halls
 Where Copley and Catlin speak out from the walls,
 Of the grandeur and glory their ancestors knew ;
 When the Red Men were hosts and the Pale Faces few.
 It may comfort their sorrow, while memory thrills
 Over happier days midst the valleys and hills.

They sought the great silences, far from the throng,
 As a solace for grief and a refuge from wrong ;
 And they knew of the healing that weaveth its spell
 In the blissful retreats where the Manitous dwell,
 They had reverent faith in the Ruler of all
 And they trusted His care for the sparrows that fall.

They were friends of the voyageurs, friends to the last
 When the heavens were bright or with clouds overcast ;
 They had virtues we deem as of Infinite worth,
 They were thoughtful of speech and not flippant with mirth.
 Their faithful defender, sincere, unafraid—
 Was “Helen” who sleeps in the Manitou shade.

Their Trails through the forest, their homes in the wood,
 Where the giants of centuries sheltering stood ;
 Their light bark canoes on the lakes and the streams
 Have vanished as vanish the evening gleams.
 From lovely Champlain and from Michigan’s shore,
 Their wigwams have gone, to return, nevermore.

We, heirs who inherited treasure they kept,
 And we wasted, till stricken humanity wept
 Over wanton destruction, of bison and deer,
 And domains of woodland made barren and drear,
 Might well learn some lessons of thrift and of right
 From the Nations we blindly destroyed in our might.

Unlearned from the schools, yet surpassingly wise
 In the deep friendly lore of the woods and the skies,
 They kept measure of time by the stars and the moons
 And they loved mother earth with her lullaby croons,
 In our rich marts of learning and fashion and gain
 Do they say to us now from the graves of their slain?

TAKE BACK YOUR FIRE WATER, your trinkets and beads,
 That lured us and wronged us—your craft and your creeds
 Will blacken with shame in the flash of the light
 When truth cometh swift in her raiment of white
 To give justice to all, to the high and the low ;
 Hath not the great Manitou promised us so?

This wide realm was theirs, and they loved it as we
 Who proudly proclaim it the home of the free.
 Long, pitiful tragedy, swept them away—
 Shall we strive to requite them as well as we may?
 Or bid them depart on their Trail to the west
 To find the “Great Spirit” and refuge and rest?

OUR GAIN AND LOSS.

We have conquered and builded ! Our pride soareth high
 And our gaunt Babel structures flaunt up to the sky.
 Yet the hand of Jehovah is smiting in wrath,
 The idols, our folly has placed in His path.
 With reverent souls, let us seek to restore
 Our hearts and our altars, made clean as of yore.

LINCOLN.

There stood one among us, soul sad, yet serene
 In his God given purpose, though death intervene.
 He swerved not, when sorrow swept round like a pall,
 When clamor assailed him and friends sought his fall.
 There were bonds he must keep, there were chains he must break
 And how grandly he won for humanity’s sake.
 Though blood flowed like water, with never surcease,
 At the last, his glad eyes saw the Angel of Peace.

In Memory of—

She is gone, and our life seems so little of worth ;
 And at noon tide the night gathers over the earth
 Since our darling, our love could not hold.
 She went when the birds were just ready to sing
 When the meadows and hills told the coming of spring
 With its treasures of beauty unrolled.

It may be she heard, as she journeyed along,
 Some band of the angels repeating a song
 And her soul yet remembered the tune.
 We tried all our art to induce her to stay ;
 We told her the lilacs would blossom in May,
 And the beautiful roses, in June.

But from all of our pleading, she turned to the skies,
 And the far away look gathered into her eyes ;
 And her lips answered not to our call.
 Then a silence came down with each shortening breath,
 And we saw the sad face of the Angel of death,
 And they came with the hearse and the pall.

O the daisies shall bloom o'er the grave of our love,
 And the clouds of the summer that linger above,
 Shall drop tears full of pity and balm.
 And the winds of the winter that sweep to and fro,
 As they cover the earth with its mantle of snow,
 Shall keep chanting a requiem psalm.

Some Clean-Handed Men.

We are weary of waiting that era of peace ;
For the rescue to come, for the plunder to cease—
Place each spoil laden thief serving time in his den,
Then graciously give us, some clean-handed men.

Seek the brave faithful workers, the hope of the land,
Whether thoughtfully silent or voicefully grand ;
From their toil of the traffic, the hoe, and the pen,
Call them forth, and so give us some clean-handed men.

These fierce restless spoilers, that plot and combine
With the sneak of the wolf and the greed of the swine—
From “lairs” filled with wreckage of city and glen,
Hunt them out, while you give us, some clean-handed men.

They can smirk while they prowl, with an innocent look,
They can give to the hungry—advice—and a book.
They can lure like the gloom in a ghoul haunted fen ;
Cast them forth, and just give us, some clean-handed men.

Though they haughtily gloat, on their ill gotten store,
And trample the earth in their search after more,
We shall win the great fight for humanity, when
Triumphant, you give us, some clean-handed men.

HER FEET OF CLAY.

After the Boer War.

England's power is being broken,
 England's doom is drawing near ;
 On her palace walls the "Message"—
 Thrills she now with doubt and fear.
 Clouds and darkness round her gather,
 Comes her awful Judgment Day ;
 Waiting peoples scoff her weakness,
 They have seen—her feet of clay.

She hath been a mighty robber—
 Strong proud plunderer of the earth ;
 In her fierce unsated longing
 Holding life of trifled worth.
 Haughty Empress of the oceans !
 Grand Dictator of the seas !
 She hath overawed the nations
 With her crafty, stern decrees.

Her proud head bedecked in splendor ;
 All her sinews girt with steel ;
 In her arrogance and scorning
 She hath bid the mighty kneel.
 While the glamour of her greatness,
 By His breath is swept away—
 Kingdoms watch in silent wonder ;
 They have seen—her feet of clay.

She hath trampled down the millions
 While she feigned to help them rise ;
 She hath promised joy and blessing
 While deceit was in her eyes.
 Holding close her hoards of treasure,
 Stolen from the famished lands,
 She hath prated of her virtue,
 With the plunder in her hands.

Heeding not the loyal warning ;
 Making martyrs of her best ;
 Caring naught for wail of sorrow,
 In her eager, cruel quest—
 Now, through grief, and desolation,
 See her in her anguish, sway ;
 He hath chosen His Avengers—
 They have seen—her feet of clay.

**Bourke Cochran's Great Speech to the Laboring
 Men of Wall Street.—1906.**

The bankers came out by the dozen,
 The bankers and great financiers ;
 Came burdened because of free silver—
 Yet full of aplomb, and of cheers.

For Bourke Cochran was billed to address them,
 And give to his eloquence flight ;
 To show them the way out of bondage
 And into the halls of delight.

Well, Bourke was quite grand and impressive—
 And Belmont was up in the chair ;
 And the magnates of wealth and of fashion,
 Were largely in evidence there.

So after some ponderous gambols
With language and logic ; Bourke said,
That he knew of a great combination,
To double the price of their bread.

And to make them pay for their clothing,
And wrong them in various ways ;
And to sorely oppress them and make them
Like serfs for the rest of their days.

So he talked to the sleek portly workers ;
Who labor in oil and in stocks ;
And gather up gain in abundance
By shearing the lambs of the flocks.

He told them protection to labor
Was ever, his greatest concern,
And how for his hard working neighbor
His heart would continue to yearn.

And they laughed, and they shouted approval—
Laughed often, and loudly and long ;
And sanctioned the speedy removal
Of all of that burden of wrong.

And the smooth chaps who ride on their passes,
And fatten and grow, like a leech,
On the sweat and the toil of the masses,
Declared it a wonderful speech.

And most of the great chartered papers,
Like the World and the Post and the Sun,
Averred, that it pulverized Bryan—
And each sentence—weighed nearly—a ton.

A Happy Traveler.

O, I wander all about,
 Through the country, in and out
 From the towns ;
 And I find the cheerful ways
 In the quiet autumn days,
 Through the downs.
 I am nothing of a schemer,
 But I'm just a happy dreamer
 And I've dreamed my wealth away—
 Yet the stars they shine above me
 And the little children love me,
 And there's gladness ev'ry day.

Then the Aprils and the Junes
 Sing to me their pleasant tunes
 As they bring ;
 Their rich promises of weal
 For the future, and I feel
 Like a King.
 I am nothing of a schemer,
 But I'm just a happy dreamer
 And I've dreamed my wealth away—
 Yet the stars they shine above me
 And the little children love me,
 And there's gladness ev'ry day.

So, when night'time comes, and I,
 In its vaulted chamber, lie,
 I can sleep
 With a heart from worry free,
 For the earth He gave to me
 Not to keep.
 I am nothing of a schemer,
 But I'm just a happy dreamer
 And I've dreamed my wealth away—
 Yet the stars they shine above me
 An the little children love me,
 And there's gladness ev'ry day.

A SOUVENIR SONG

For the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition,
Portland, Oregon, 1905.

Two brave, earnest Couriers, Grand Message they brought
From the land that they left to the land that they sought—
Full burdened, as any that ever was told
Since the tidings that came in the centuries old,
Of the Babe in the manger! The lowly of birth—
The Messiah Supreme! The Redeemer of earth.

His mission yet liveth ; o'er earth's pulsing heart
There are souls that yet bear of that mission a part.
Those who care for the sick and the needy ; and they
Who wear the Red Cross in the battles' array
And surrounded by strife, all of anger forget,
While they bind up the wounds that with crimson are wet.

Our Lincoln who left us such legacy vast
Of friendship and faith that forever shall last.
A dusky hued woman, with creed scant and dim.
While she guided those couriers, did she follow Him?
Where Sacajawea led them over the trail
Swift steeds breathing flame speed the Overland Mail.

Descendant of rulers, that slight fearless guide,
Her voyageur husband, content by her side,
Led them safely through dangers by night and by day
Never swerved from her truth—never losing her way.
And when all but her courage seemed faded and gone
With her babe and her burden went faithfully on.

Did she vision the future? Did the Great Spirit show
 To her soul as she traversed those vistas of snow
 The white man's possession? From valleys untried
 To the uttermost heights of the mighty divide?
 Full well may we grieve, that so little is known
 Of the life of the true, royal-hearted Shoshone.

We yield her all honor! From sea unto sea,
 In warm loyal hearts let her monument be.
 Let memory weave her Tiaras of pearl,
 That forest-bred Princess—that Indian Girl!
 Let grand parks and great cities, close border and mark
 The Trail made historic by Lewis and Clark.

Come over and see us; come over and rest,
 And find what good things can come out of the West.
 Come over the mountains, come over the vales,
 Come over the highways, come over the Trails,
 Come over the rivers, come over the seas,
 And dream in the shade of the evergreen trees.

We will talk of the trials of days that are past,
 With their romance so often by clouds overcast.
 We will plan for the future such excellent things
 While hope hovers o'er us with glistening wings.
 Our rivers that wander and swerve and align
 Through health-scented forests of balsam and pine—

Through copses of cedar that breathe on the air
 Their burden of incense, rich tonic and rare.
 Like steeds fiercely driven by skill-handled reins,
 With swift beating pulses and foam fretted manes
 They race through the gorges, then rest through the plains,
 And linger in cloisters where solitude reigns.

They send you warm welcome from wanderings wide,
 Midst the valleys and hills to the great ocean's tide ;
 Where the ships of the nations cleave pathways of foam,
 And the seal and the monarch leviathan roam ;
 Where the swift sheening salmon their pilgrimage make
 To the far away pools where the rivers awake.

Those sky-shouldered giants, old Rainier and Hood ;
 All the Cascades' gray guard that have silently stood
 Faithful sentinels there through the gloom and the light,
 And proud, lonely Shasta in helmet of white ;
 Great Jefferson, lofty, yet kindly of mien,
 And stately Saint Helens, superb and serene—

They send you glad greeting, with joy looking down
 On river and vale, and the beautiful town.
 We welcome you welcome with heart and with hand
 To the halls and the homes of a bountiful land.
 Bring your toys and your treasures, your families, all,
 Make your home here in Portland, from spring until fall ;

Bide with us—be one with the gathering host
 In this wonderful Westland that trends to the Coast ;
 That reaches from where the sweet rose ever blooms
 To the clime where the Arctic light glimmers and glooms ;
 From the Golden Gate City of Orient mold,
 Up to Nome with her fathomless treasure of gold.

See Spokane and the wheat fields ; Eugene and the mines ;
 View the tall grenadiers of the balsams and pines ;
 In cities and homes read the lofty designs
 Of the high-hearted builders—fine fruitage of toil
 Wrought royally out from the sea and the soil,
 Grand gift for the future of glorious spoil.

Trace the deft hand of commerce collecting its tolls
 O'er the mystical land where "The Oregon rolls."
 Roam far in the woodlands, belated then camp
 With the stars keeping watch and the moon for a lamp,
 Hear the low chanted hymn of the surf beating deep
 On the hills where our loved ones are lying asleep.

Feel the magic of Homehood, that weaveth its spells
 And abideth wherever sweet Womanhood dwells.
 Test our fruits, so abundant in orchard and glen,
 Make friendships as lasting as lifetime; and then
 Take a lingering look over mountain and plain,
 And whenever you can, come and see us again.

When Rosamond Comes.

Her mission, what is it? And why is it so?
 Her feet with great gladness seem girt, as they go
 On errands of mercy; her presence brings light,
 Where gloomy and dark hung the shadows of night.
 And weary, wan faces, lift up in the slums,
 And smile through their sorrow—when Rosamond comes.

Hope comes with her coming; good cheer huddles in,
 There's greeting of friendship and fleeing of sin;
 There's lifting of shoulders bent low in the strife,
 And girding anew for the battle of life.
 Good food and warm raiment—ripe apples and plums
 For the lowly and needy—when Rosamond comes.

All things seem to love her. The birds and the bees
 Are her friends; and the great spreading trees,
 While the breezes sweep through them, with pulses astir
 Are swaying and bowing in homage to her.
 Sweet, mystical flutes, and invisible drums,
 Send forth their glad music—when Rosamond comes.

Cervera

His ships left the harbor for ruin—but then,
He loomed ev'ry inch the great Admiral, when
He shook hands with Evans, and spoke of his men.

You may search the whole earth, on the sea, on the land,
For a braver old heart or a faithfuler hand.
Cervera the gentle—Cervera the grand.

That Girl of New England—that high thoroughbred ;
Found his looks and his ways, and his heart and his head,
Like a dear old American Farmer—she said.

We are glad that he came ; for we know that he brought
What can never be sold and can never be bought ;
The loftier aims, by a great manhood wrought.

The Eve'ning of Life.

I see the great shadows that lengthen,
But they seem neither fearful nor strange ;
And my soul seems to gather and strengthen,
In wait, for the Wonderful Change.

Some things in the past may have grieved me ;
Some burdens were heavy to bear ;
But Pity sought out and repreised me,
From trouble and sorrow and care.

I saw not the strong Hand that led me ;
But I knew that His presence was near ;
For He rested, and sheltered and fed me,
Through danger and trial and fear.

And now when my ships are returning,
And my day is approaching its close,
I seem to grow restful and yearning,
Like a laborer nearing repose.

My vision grows surer and clearer ;
My heart gets its childhood again,
As the Lights in the Haven flash nearer,
And I catch of its Music, a strain.

A Mother's Death.

Her toil worn hands, her wearied feet,
Have entered into rest ;
Earth's journey done, her work complete ;
She waits, supremely blest.

The slumber that her eyes have met,
No human skill can shake ;
The seal that on her lips is set,
No hand of earth can break.

Her pulse its peace serenely keeps ;
No close drawn, labored breath ;
Untroubled, is the face where sleeps
The majesty of death.

She lived for others, and she sought
To make their burden hers ;
The spoils of earth are held as nought
Among such worshipers.

Borne by His love across the tide ;
Beyond all grief and sin ;
The gates of pearl have opened wide,
And she is safe within.

Oh, The River of Death.

O the river of death seems deep and wide ;
And we sometimes shrink from its flowing tide—
But Heaven is on the other side.

As we wait and watch on the silent strand,
Our little ones take the Boatman's hand
And glide across to the Spirit Land.

Sweet Childhood goes, with a faith sublime,
Through the shadowy vale that borders time,
Up, into a blest and a blissful clime.

A Wayfaring Man.

He came in the light of the morning ;
 A vision unseemly and sad ;
 A jar in the midst of the music,
 Where all was so joyously glad.
 And he could not but feel the unwelcome,
 That came like a chill from us all,
 For you know how our faces can often
 Make bread taste as bitter as gall.

He went—and I saw that his shoulders,
 Were bent, as though burdened and sore ;
 And there came swift before me, the Master,
 As the Cross up the mountain He bore.
 And I thought of the cup of cold water ;
 And of Lazarus laid at the gate ;
 Till there in the midst of my plenty,
 My heart smote my breast like a weight.

I thought, when the ransomed are welcome,
 Shall I be without in the night ?
 For how hardly can they who have riches
 Enter in, to that City of Light.
 And I thought of it all till I gladly,
 Would have taken his staff and his load ;
 And with feet and with heart all repentant,
 Would have traveled his desolate road.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY ROSAMOND BONDY.

Childhood.

In that tiny spark—O wonders ; he's a captain in command.
See the toys how they are shining, marching to his little band
They are soldiers true and loyal, they're the kind that do and dare,
But the spark grows dim and leaves him, sitting, lonely, in his chair.

Boyhood.

Little spark—away his soaring, with the cares of toil and strife.
He is winning, going, upward, making Fame and all in Life.
He has reached the top-most ladder, poised in the dizzy air ;
But the fire goes out, and the castle, at his feet lies ruined there.

Manhood.

In the glowing spark, kind Fancy weaves a web with hue so bright.
Moonbeams soft are shining on her, as she sits by his side tonight.
A halo seems to encircle them, and their dreams are O so fair,
But the moonbeams fade and the spark dies out, from a castle built in air.

Age.

But now as he sits by the fireside, his life like the spark burns low,
And he thinks and dreams of the childhood toys, which he played with so long ago.
And he visions the angels beckoning home, to receive him in mansions so fair—
As his light grows dim, he trusts in Him, and waits for a welcome up there.

I've Joined The Iron Grays.

It seems so strange ; a few short years,
 Can change a mortal so ;
 Some tracing out of hopes and fears,
 A little joy and woe.
 Since I was at my mother's knee,
 I count the time in days ;
 'Tis but a dream—and yet, you see,
 I've joined the Iron Grays.

And many who were boys with me,
 Are marching in the ranks ;
 And some are standing in the front,
 And some are on the flanks.
 Old Time, you know, is so precise ;
 He never lags nor stays ;
 So just to keep him company,
 I've joined the Iron Grays.

On ev'ry hand, they come—they come—
 These veterans of earth ;
 From country fields, and cities hum ;
 From want, and toil—and mirth.
 I like these thoughtful-visaged men ;
 I like their earnest ways ;
 I'd love to be a boy—but then,
 I've jōined the Iron Grays.

I've joined the Iron Grays for life ;
 I look for no reprieve ;
 And though the service brings me strife
 It will not do to grieve.
 Some things there are, which, though we dare,
 We do them in amaze ;
 So, scarcely conscious how, or where ;
 I've jained the Iron Grays.

Trust in Him.

Trust in Him, who gave to thee
Hope of Immortality.
Ruler of the mighty earth,
Think how humble was His birth.
Lowly was the life He led,
Precious are the words He said.
Sinless, for our race He died ;
With the guilty, Crucified.

Trust in Him—nor be afraid ;
Over Jordan undismayed
You shall go ; and ne'er again
Meet with loss, or suffer pain.
And upon the other shore,
Loved ones who have gone before
Will be waiting, pure and clear
Will the gates of heaven appear.

Can we measure, here below,
All the rapture you shall know,
As you walk with joyful feet
John the Revelator's street?
When you join the happy host
Whom the Savior loveth most?
When you touch the angel wings?
When you see the King of Kings?
As the light of earth grows dim,
Fear no evil. Trust in Him.

EUROPE'S CRISIS.

WHEN GHOURKA CROSSED THE BALKANS.

A boding danger gathers ; how the awful warning swells,
Like a rising wintry tempest, along the Dardanelles.

It rolls like distant thunder around the Ancient Main ;
And Freedom lifts her weary head and feels her fetters strain.

A burden broods upon the air—a terror stirs the earth—
As when some fierce volcanic fire, is struggling into birth.

And in palace and in cottage, men wait with bated breath
The signal that shall bid them, to a carnival of death.

There's doom upon the Crescent—for that dreaded Northern Bear,
With a tread that shakes the nations, has risen from his lair.

And alert and ever poising, the German eagle's glance,
Is ranging, like a Sentinel, along the line of France.

And the haughty House of Hapsburg with quiet, watchful eye,
Marks well the rapid omens along the Eastern sky ;

While Italy, descendant of Emperors and Kings,
With menacing indifference sits on her throne and sings.

See, the pampered British Lion is rousing from his sleep ;
And he scents the coming danger, with a roar that wakes the deep ;

While his keepers are divided—some would hold him in his cage,
And some, with reckless eagerness, would stimulate his rage.
Does he hear from India's jungles, a smothered cry of fear

That tells of quaking terror at the Cossack drawing near?
Is it love for those dependent that fills his soul with woe?

Or is it "British Interest"—that stirs his anger so?

Some hearts are hushed forever and some are beating still,
That felt the maddened pleasure of Balaklava's thrill.

And around the old Crimea, there'll perchance be bloody work,
When Russia for the Christian, fights England with the Turk.

What doom awaits the Nations? What sorrows intertwine?
Must war's fierce cloud envelope historic Palestine?

The veil that shuts the future, in mercy from our sight,
What will its rending bring to earth—the morning? or the night?

Genevieve.

Some trials made you grieve,
Genevieve.
The weary hand of care
Placed gray threads in your hair ;
Some griefs were hard to bear,
Genevieve.

Death brought you full reprieve,
Genevieve.
From earth's abundant woe,
From storms that buffet so,
From wounds that love can know,
Genevieve.

Life's pathways twine and weave,
Genevieve.
The soul light in your face
Held hope and joy and grace ;
But sorrow would have place,
Genevieve.

This truth, our hearts receive,
Genevieve.
That life with all its zest,
Cannot give at its best,
Such bliss as Heaven's rest,
Genevieve.

Down There by The Bay.

We sailed and we fished ;
 And O how I wished
 For so many a day,
 We could live there for life
 And I might be your wife,
 Down there by the bay.

How I strove to suppress,
 For some little caress,
 Or a word, or a look,
 The gladness that came
 Through my heart like a flame,
 Or light to a brook.

I may nevermore see,
 Places dear unto me—
 I am dying they say ;
 Yet I must not repine
 Though my heart tendrils twine,
 Down there by the bay.

Sometimes, in the night
 There's a wonderful Light,
 I may not understand ;
 It comes while I dream,
 But it seems like a gleam
 From the Beautiful Land.

When the day, seeking rest,
 Sinks away in the west,
 Your thoughts, will they stray ?
 To the glade and the knoll,
 Where our feet used to stroll,
 Down there by the bay.

KANSAS—IN MAY AND JUNE—
And at Other Times.

With dew on her tresses, this life giving morn,
 A maiden comes up through the shimmering corn.
 Her warm heart is brimming with spirit and zest,
 She is full of the grace of the bountiful West.
 See the glint of her sandals so shapely and fleet,
 As she goes through the stretches of meadow and wheat.
 She hies through the orchards ; and down by the stream
 You catch of her comely apparel, a gleam.

Born out on the border—this maiden has known
 Some griefs which the borderland holds for its own.
 Yet whether in cabin, or temple or hall,
 She can rank with the brightest, bright peer of them all.
 Her temper is quick as a zephyr that plays ;
 And some touchy admirers, get miffed at her ways
 And leave her in anger—forever, they say,
 But they surely come back and come gladly, to stay.

At heart she is patient and tender and true,
 And when we would count them, her follies are few.
 We trust her and love her, because we have seen
 How faithful and brave is our maiden and queen.
 There's something about her so womanly sweet,
 A something so winsome, so pleasant, so neat,
 That whenever she chides us for going amiss,
 We feel like renewing our peace with a kiss.

Your are anxious about her when met by a frown,
 And you fancy the arch of the sky coming down—
 But she smiles in her waywardness ; shyly she sings,
 As her treasures of comfort and blessing, she brings.
 Say whatever she will—do whatever she may—
 She makes it all right in her excellent way.
 One eloquent look sets your heart in a whirl,
 There are stars in her eyes—she's a Wonderful Girl.

Jim Root--Engineer.

Go tell all the people, a true Knight has come,
 With never a herald or banner or drum ;
 But up through the danger, the heat and the smoke,
 Heart tender with pity—yet stronger than oak.

Where the town in its terror, ran wildly and prayed,
 With the throttle wide open he went to their aid.
 Then out through the seething tornado of flame
 “Just doing his duty”—the grand fellow came.

By young and by old let the story be told,
 And write and print it in letters of gold—
 How feeling and breathing the terrible breath,
 He ran that swift race with the angel of death.

How he guarded those lives, through the terrible raump,
 And found them a refuge down there in the swamp.
 And how, by the fire fiends beleaguered and cinched,
 The train men stood by him ; not one of them flinched.

O triflers far inland, and round by the sea,
 Disciples of pleasure, wherever you be—
 Come learn of this great hearted Commoner, worth,
 That shall shame into hiding, your vain, flaunting mirth.

Perchance it may be in the great Trial Day,
 That close by the Throne they will open a way,
 And a message will come to our plain, modest Jim—
 And the Master will have a warm welcome for him.

The Driver of the Iron Horse.

Clad in laborer's garb, as he goes to his place
 Scan him closely and well—can you see in his face
 Any token of fear as he starts for the race?

No plume, and no banner unfurled.
 Give him room men of might, in the Temple of Fame,
 He is guiding a courser whose lungs are aflame
 And whom only the hand of a master can tame—

A courser that moveth the world.

In the coaches behind, there's a laughing refrain ;
 There's dalliance of lovers and counting of gain,
 As into the night in the van of the train

He hurries his dangerous way.

'Tis the rapid express, not a moment to spare,
 Though the fiend of destruction may turn in his lair
 And the demons of hate may be filling the air,
 With their hideous laughter, for aye.

On into the terrible gloom of the night,
 On, over the waste, while that fierce eye of light
 Brings the sinuous track like a flash into sight,
 With its chances of death, ever near.

There are trains on the road that are coming as swift,
 With the dangers as thick from the flood and the drift ;
 And the curtains of night as they lower and lift,
 Seem to shiver with sorrow and fear.

With scorn for the gathering terrors that lurk
 Like tigers acrouch, in the fathomless murk,
 The invincible steed rushes on to his work,
 With a savage, all conquering thrill.

Through chasms of blackness, he plunges away—
 By bridges and stations his echoing neigh—
 How he revels with glee in the wonderful play
 Of his speed, and his strength, and his will.

But the driver is watchful, his mission is grand ;
How he carries our lives in that muscular hand—
How the courser obeys at his quiet command,
 No matter what terrors he sees.
And ever alert to the peril in view,
With hand that is steady and heart that is true,
To our homes and our friends he is leading us through,
 In comfort, and safety, and ease.

How little we reck, of the treasures that lay,
Through our journey of life, scattered over the way,
Continual blessings by night and by day ;
 Abundant, yet precious as air.
We think of the brave slain in battle, with pride,
And their deeds of renown with us ever abide—
Yet forget to remember some martyrs who died,
 For the lives that were placed in their care.

Some fanciful heroes we laud to the skies,
While the real ones pass and repass ; but our eyes
Seldom rest upon them while they live ; and each dies
 Toiling steadily on.
Too often, the world worships tinsel and show ;
Unheeding the pearls and the diamonds below ;
Unheeding the gifts wrought of labor and woe ;
 Till the toiler is gone.

The Freedmen's Answer to President Lincoln, 1863.

Some Hundred Thousands More.

We are coming Father Abraham ; some hundred thousands more ;
 We are coming with a gladness that we never felt before.
 In the air that laughs with sunshine, something tells us we are free ;
 There are voices all about us, there's a bird in ev'ry tree.
 And they tell us, oh they tell us, you have said that we might come,
 From the cotton and the rice fields and you'd look us up a home.
 With anxiety and trembling, for the happiness in store,
 We are coming Father Abraham—some Hundred Thousands more.

We are coming, though our Freedom, has been tarrying so long
 That we almost loved the places of our misery and wrong.
 We are bringing for your blessing, such as God alone imparts,
 Upon those who carry comfort unto trampled human hearts.
 From the canebrakes of Kentucky—from the hills of Tennessee—
 From the land that rocks with trouble under Beauregard and Lee ;
 From the swamps of Carolina and from Alabama's shore,
 We are coming Father Abraham—some Hundred Thousands more.

We've been waiting in our cabins ; we've been looking from the fields,
 Where the snowy, blooming cotton, all its rich abundance yields,
 For the tidings that should bring us, what we never yet possessed—
 Titles to our wives and children, and a right to hope and rest.
 May be we were singing "Dixie" when old "Massa" went away,
 But our hearts were praying wildly for the blessing of today. .
 Massa's gone to help rebellion, but he left an open door
 And we're coming Father Abraham—some Hundred Thousands more.

We are coming, true and ready, to uphold the Flag that waves,
 Stainless in its starry grandeur, since it flaunts not over slaves.
 We've a dark and fearful record traced in agony and tears,
 Yet we only ask for justice, in the hopeful future years.
 We are coming from the slave pens, where our dear ones have been sold—
 Where the sacred name of virtue has been bartered off for gold.
 While God deals with the oppressor—swiftly winnowing His floor ;
 We are coming Father Abraham—some Loyal Millions more.

The Northern Boys Are Coming.

The Northern Boys are coming—O ye Southerners beware ;
 You had better never venture, all those boys will do and dare.
 Life has given them its lessons, where the humblest man is free,
 And they'll die to save the blessings that their fathers fought to see.
 You remember to have met them, where your strongest fortress fell ;
 There are always others ready, who can beat you just as well.
 Noble mothers, noble daughters, speed them on into the fight ;
 Yielding up their dearest treasures in this struggle for the right.

See the starry Flag above them, that you tore from Sumter's wall ;
 They are coming to replace it though a million heroes fall ;
 And they'll never stay their coming, till on ev'ry Southern plain,
 In its former pride and glory that old Flag shall wave again.

The Northern Boys are coming—in the distance like a speck,
 You can see them moving onward 'way beyond the Kennebec.
 From the wilds of Minnesota, they are marching into camp,
 And from all the northern borders, echoes out the steady tramp.
 From the river to the oceans—from the east and from the west ;
 Ev'ry hamlet, field, and city, sends its bravest and its best ;
 They are tender as a woman, to a manly, vanquished foe,
 But they're terrible in anger and they'll lay rebellion low.

The Northern Boys are coming—you can see the rifles gleam ;
 You can hear the bugles calling—you can see the banners stream ;
 You can read a noble purpose written on each lip and brow—
 You have often called them cowards, but you'll hardly do it now.
 You imagined at Manassas when you saw them break and run,
 That the bonds of strength and union could be easily undone.
 They have taught you other lessons, traced in crimson lines of gore,
 And unless you yield to reason, they will surely teach you more.

The Northern Boys are coming—to avenge a fearful wrong ;
 And to wield the sword of justice, swift and terrible and strong.
 They have not forgotten Shiloh, with the blood of brothers wet ;
 They are down at Chattanooga and they're coming farther yet.
 When at Charleston and at Macon, any loyal man may come ;
 When they walk the streets of Richmond as securely as at home—
 When you learn to do your duty, and give up your wicked strife,
 They will lay aside their armor for the peaceful paths of life.

The Northern Boys are coming—a dauntless host of braves,
 To bring you to your duty, or to send you to your graves.
 You can feel the earth a-tremble, as our glorious, thoughtful men
 Hurl beneath the battles' thunder, treason backward, to its den.
 Let us mend the strong ties, broken, in our anger and our pain,
 Heed the mandate of Jehovah—and be brothers yet again.
 He hath chosen His Avengers—and they bear His sure decree,
 That a Nation's Wrong shall perish, and our county shall be free.

See the starry Flag above them, that you tore from Sumter's wall ;
 They are coming to replace it—though a million brave men fall.
 And they'll never stay their coming—till on ev'ry Southern plain,
 In its former pride and glory—that old Flag shall wave again.

Abigail Becker.

You stood in the surf, while the tempest,
 Was singing its terrible glee ;
 And with strength such as giants might pray for
 You bore the men out from the sea.

Faithful and excellent angels,
 Were bearing you up on their wings ;
 Abigail, glorious woman—
 Fit to be Mother of Kings.

When, in the great day of trial,
 Pride and ambition shall fall ;
 Counting the deeds that are worthy,
 Yours will be peer of them all.

A Laborer's Death.

He was faithful in filling his station ;
 Just faithful and loyal and true ;
 A son of sad Ethiop's nation,
 He builded as well as he knew.

We slept while he answered the warning
 And passed with but One by his side,
 'Twixt eve and the dawn of the morning,
 Out over the mystic divide.

When Heaven's great Court is in session,
 And Equity sits on the Throne,
 To give to each boon or transgression,
 Its weight to condemn or atone ;

When the princes of traffic and plunder ;
 Of pleasure and power and mirth ;
 Come up in a vision of wonder,
 From uttermost parts of the earth ;

When done being sated and feted,
 They stand with such toilers as he,
 To hear the great Verdict repeated ;
 What think you that Verdict will be ?

Reconciliation.

They had parted in their sorrow,
 They had parted in their pain ;
 Vowing, in their pride and anger
 Nevermore to meet again.

Her proud heart, so near to breaking,
 Feigned indifference, and yet,
 Time nor place could still its aching ;
 All unable to forget.

He with restless longing ever,
 Sought to hide and heal his wound ;
 But through utmost of endeavor,
 Never solace had he found.

Years had passed, and they were meeting,
 Unprepared for such surprise ;
 And with wistful, silent greeting,
 Looked they in each others eyes.

Then the strong proud man, grew humble,
 Scanning close that well loved face ;
 And he bent to fondly kiss her,
 With an unaccustomed grace.

O she felt the tender pressure,
 With a swift and joyful start ;
 It is hard to keep the head cool,
 When there's fever in the heart.

O'om Paul and The Lion.

O'om Paul loves the little Republics,
 Which the stout-hearted Burghers have made ;
 But the Lion, he prowls in the jungle,
 And roars, and is often afraid.

An Empire whose greed is not sated,
 With conquests that circle the world—
 Still covets with lust unabated,
 Her robber Flag ever unfurled.

There's room for the restless outlanders ;
 All over wide Africa's plains ;
 But the Babylon heart of old London,
 Seeks captives, leashed up in her chains.

A sneak in the time of your trial ;
 A flunk in your day of success ;
 Perfidious Albion lures you
 And smites, while she feigns to caress.

On down through the march of the ages ;
 In the records of trial and strife ;
 Men will learn from grim History's pages,
 How the gallant States battled for life.

They will learn how a Mighty Republic,
 Turning back from its record so grand—
 Met Freedom's appeal with derision,
 Nor lifted its voice nor its hand.

Such deeds should awaken the Nations,
 To rise and protest with their might—
 For they strike at the deepest foundations,
 Which bear up the truth and the right.

If England wants feast for her Lions
 Let her press her dark league with the Turk—
 And hunt the Great Bear in his stronghold
 Till she reels from her red-handed work.

And Make No Sign.

Dwelling within joy's diamond palace—
 Hearing its music, wild and free ;
 Laugh as you quaff, from the sparkling chalice,
 And give not a thought nor a look to me.
 Though the poisoned dregs of the cup are mine,
 I will drink to death—and make no sign.

O the blessed hope of an aftertime,
 Falls on the heart like a gentle rain ;
 There is peace and rest in a better clime,
 And the will has power to stifle pain.
 So, revel away in that life of thine,
 And we'll meet—and pass—and make no sign.

SPRING.

There runs a glad presence abroad, and I hear
 Some sweet throated warblers returning, to cheer
 The heart of old winter, as northward he goes
 With sighs of regret o'er his frosts and his snows.

Warm breathings of summer, are chasing the dearth,
 Bringing beauty and gladness and bloom to the earth.
 The frost-wedded waters, leap up in their joy,
 And exult to be free, like the heart of a boy.

And summer's fair daughter, the beautiful Spring,
 Comes gladly along, hear her carol and sing—
 Though lovely and loving her heart is yet free,
 As she roams over mountain and meadow and lea.

As grim winter smiles sad, on this maiden so gay,
 She breathes on his mantle and melts it away.
 And his wrinkled old hand, while he heaves a deep sigh,
 Pats her fine comely head, as he bids her good-by.

From valley to mountain, her mantle is thrown ;
 Through forest and desert, she goeth alone ;
 And she visits the cot of the lowly, as well,
 As the homes where the proud and the prosperous dwell.

Each swift, shapely foot, as it touches the ground,
 Brings a bevy of flowers and grasses, around.
 And the touch of her hand, and the glance of her eye,
 Send a health giving flush, to the earth and the sky.

She laughs as she greets you, again and again,
 And you see her bright eyes beaming out through the rain.
 Her coming—to earth is a glorious thing ;
 I love her—I love her—the Beautiful Spring.

PROCLAMATION!

BY SANTA CLAUS.

I, Santa Claus—a Lover, of Children ev'rywhere—
 Make this—my Proclamation ! That you may all prepare
 For gladsome Christmas Presents, as I intend to come
 And greet my faithful, precious friends in ev'ry kind of home.
 So get your stockings ready, and let your hearts be light,
 This world is just a pleasant place if hearts are only right.
 Then keep your blissful hope and trust, to give the world a lift,
 And I'll come round so quietly, and bring you all a gift.

I've been among the shops and stores, and gathered many things,
 And my pack will soon be ready, for my little Queens and Kings.
 And I could hear them asking each other who I was ;
 But of course I didn't tell them, that I was Santa Claus.
 It keeps me very busy to go all round, you know,
 But I travel with my reindeers, and they can travel so.
 Before your early bedtime, I often take a peep,
 But I seldom fill a stocking, till the owner goes to sleep.

They say I'm always laughing, as slyly as I can ;
 I've just as good a right to laugh as any other man.
 I laugh to think how happy the little folks will be
 When they find on Christmas morning, they've had a call from me.
 I hold my sides a-laughing, to see the stockings hung
 Exactly as they used to be, when gray haired folks were young.
 I laugh and sing and whistle, as loudly as I dare,
 For fear if I should wake you up, you'd come and catch me there.

Just tell the larger stockings, to do as children do,
 And for the sake of good old times I'll give them something too.
 Or tell them if you'd rather—it will not trouble me ;
 If they will get it ready, I'll fill a Christmas Tree.
 Then get your stockings ready and let your hearts be light ;
 For this world is just a pleasant place if hearts are only right ;
 And with our cares forgotten we'll celebrate the Birth,
 Of Him, who brought Glad Tidings—and Blessing to our earth.

Just Give Me Leave to Love You.

Just give me leave to love you—
 And then whatever comes ;
 The pleasant call of bugles,
 Or muffed roll of drums.

Through all of want and sadness,
 Through all of woe or pain,
 That great, abiding gladness,
 Will comfort me again.

Just give me leave to love you—
 And through the storm and stress,
 Mine heart will hold the rapture
 Of your sweet darlingness.

And if, in angry scorning,
 You cover me with shame ;
 Then I will dare defy you—
 And love you—just the same.

For Nearly Sixty Years.

They shared each others happiness,
 They shared each others tears ;
 They walked together hand in hand,
 For nearly sixty years.

'Tis only death divides them now ;
 A narrow, quiet tide ;
 And soon they'll stand at Heaven's gate
 And enter, side by side.

How short will seem this life of earth,
 How light its griefs and fears ;
 As safe within that home of bliss,
 They pass the endless years.

Lay Down the White Man's Burden.

Kipling's Burden.

Lay down the white man's burden—
 Take up his truth anew—
 Cross not a wreck strown Jordan
 For lands not promised you.
 Scorn not the silent peoples ;
 Nor scoff at their distress ;
 Steal not, the Master's mantle
 To cloak your craftiness.

Have done, with pelf led leaders—
 Have done, with paltry men—
 Stand not, with crafty pleaders ;
 Call out your best, as when,
 His high behest receiving,
 Through storm, and gloom and night,
 With blood-plashed, grand achieving,
 Ye wrought up to the light.

Lay down the white man's burden—
 It weighs like Pilgrim's load ;
 Its weariness will lure you
 To ruin's easy road.
 Remember Rome and Carthage—
 Seek not the spoiler's fate ;
 Lest ye, with pomp of conquest,
 Win sullen peoples' hate.

Worth more to you than empire,
 The compact which ye hold ;
 Worth more than Isles of ocean,
 Or gleam of eastern gold.
Ye must not change nor barter,
 For lust of greed or gain,
 Your great Unwritten Charter,
 Of Western World Domain.

Lay down the white man's burden—
Go cast it off for aye ;
Ye may not walk, and bear it,
The straight and narrow way.
The sickness and the sorrow
Which your dark plotting brings,
Will meet you in the record
Kept for the King of Kings:

The Flag that floats in glory,
Through God's free, precious air ;
Must not be trailed nor sullied,
By falsehood, anywhere.
No valor of your soldiers—
No craft of speech nor song—
No triumph of your navies—
Can cleanse a deep laid wrong.

Lay down the white man's burden—
The burden that ye make ;
Go, seal again with honor,
The pledges that ye brake.
With earnest, high endeavor,
Win back your old time worth ;
So shall your Flag, be ever,
A refuge for the earth.

GLEANINGS.

She told me not to worry,
And a look was in her eyes,
That made me think of heaven
And the gates of paradise.

And her lips were slightly parted,
As though waiting to be kissed ;
Like some chaste rose in a garden,
That the gatherers had missed.

You knew him—a plain, quiet, sensible man ;
And when all was serene he was not in the van ;
But when men sought for someone to carry the brunt,
Just then the old leader moved up to the front.

Some day, you'll know that this is true,
“I loved you better than you knew.”

A Battle.

The skirmishers' work is already begun ;
 They must feel the positions, most easily won.
 The pickets are firing and sallying back,
 To meet with their comrades the awful attack.
 Mark the death dealing rifles that glimmer and shine
 As the disciplined regiments wheel into line.

Watch the steady brigades as they gather and form.
 Feel the chill of the silence, foreboding the storm.
 See the banners and plumes that are waving on high ;
 Hear the orders of death ; see the couriers that fly
 O'er the field—hear the shriek of the fife and the roll of the drum,
 As they tell of the desperate struggle to come.

Hear the boom of a cannon—its deep echoes die,
 And hoarse-throated monsters send back their reply.
 See the foremost go down, as the regiments meet—
 See the rapid advance—and the broken retreat ;
 Hear the hiss of the shot—hear the scream of the shell—
 As their terrible errand of ruin, they tell.

Hear the deafening tumult, the groan and the shout ;
 See the riderless steeds dashing madly about.
 Breathe the sulphurous smoke of the volleys that pour ;
 See the bayonets gleam—hear the batteries roar.

See the gaps that are opened through columns of men—
 Hears the cries of the wounded and dying, and then
 Turn away from the sight, thanking God as ye may,
 For the quiet and peace that are round you today.

Twelve Royal Men of Idaho.

They took the burden on them laid,
Not oversure—and not afraid.

They let the worthless issues go,
Twelve royal men of Idaho.

The world beheld, with bated breath,
That fearful strife of life and death.

They wrought with wisdom deep and slow,
Twelve royal men of Idaho.

They sought for Truth—and sought it well—
And citadels of falsehood fell.

The sneaks and sleuths, they branded so,
Twelve royal men of Idaho.

Hearts everywhere, with voice and pen,
Send tribute, to those Mountain men.

They struck for Homes, a telling blow,
Those Royal Men of Idaho.

He Doeth All Things Well.

He doeth all things well ;
Whom death could not retain ;
And through His conquering power we know,
The dead shall live again.

Not in the silent tomb,
Our dear departed dwell ;
But where Immortal flowers bloom—
He doeth all things well.

More than all earthly love,
He gives to those that mourn ;
He knows our trials, and our griefs,
Our nature He hath borne.

His mercy and His love,
Eternity shall tell ;
A light shines ever through the cloud—
He doeth all things well.

A SOUVENIR SONG

For The

Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904.

At His command, the centuries have gone into the Past ;
 And written on the scroll of Time, their Records deep and vast—
 Grim centuries of grand achieve, mixed oftentimes with woe ;
 Made up of trial and reprieve—God builds His purpose, so.

We bid the world a welcome here ! Let all the Nations bring
 Their choice of thought and handiwork—let all the people sing !
 Sing of the magesty and might ! The glory and the grace,
 Of Him, who in this grand today hath given us a place.

A hundred years ! Three hundred years ! From out their potent thrills,
 The Hand that framed the oceans, and the everlasting hills,
 Hath given us dominion through deeds of earnest men
 O'er this broad realm whose high estate no mortal sight may ken.

And woman's truth has held us when we would go astray ;
 And woman's love has blessed us through all the changeful way ;
 Her hand hath wrought its magic when storm clouds raged and swirl'd ;
 God's last and best creation ! She lifts and sways the world.

Far reaching rivers and the plains within this vast domain ;
 And flocks and herds and busy towns and spreading fields of grain ;
 Majestic mountains—widened vales, that reach the ocean shore—
 Tell of the wisdom that inspired those lofty souls of yore.

The tides of life—The wondrous tides, that ever rise and fall—
 That gave to us great Jefferson, and Lincoln—Friend of all,
 Still ebb and flow with silent force ; and warm hearts throb and swell
 With gladness, while the world salutes the Flag we love so well.

Bring the pleasant calling bugles ; and the dulcimers and flutes ;
 And the sweet-voiced, deep toned organs, let them join the glad salutes ;
 Praise the Lord of Hosts who reigneth ! Whose firm hand is ever nigh—
 Strong Deliverer to shield us, while the tempest passes by.

Saint Louis hails your coming ! With heart and hand she waits
 To give you gladsome welcome within her opened gates
 To a city grandly beautiful ! With pathways swept and clean—
 Her great warm breast beats high with life ; yet thoughtful and serene.

What romance lingers round her, of rapture and of grief—
 Of voyageur and Trapper—of Sachem and of Chief—
 Of Warriors and Statesmen—of Girlhood sweet and pure ;
 Of Souls commissioned from on high, to labor and endure.

The Pioneers who traversed the forest and the stream ;
 Who saw from vale and mountain, night's hush, and morning's gleam,
 How royally they builded—far better than they knew ;
 O may we keep the heritage as loyally and true.

Strong Leaders of the bygone days—faithful through heat and cold,
 Kept they their high integrity, like patriarchs of old.
 Born queens of Home and Motherhood, superbly fit to wear
 The pearl girt crown of Womanhood, Wife-comrades, with them there.

Brave builders of the earlier years—we would that they might see
 The travail of a Mighty Land to reach its destiny.
 A travail filled with hope and fear, and joy, and love, and pain ;
 Yet not one hope and not one tear, has been, or shall be, vain.

Let friendship sway the Nations ; let Justice hold her place ;
 Sing ye a song of right good will for ev'ry clime and race ;
 From where the mingled rivers send forth their restless tide,
 O'er commerce burdened oceans, let peace and truth abide.

The wigwam and the cabin keep moving to the west ;
 The red deer and the buffalo are nearly all at rest ;
 The fury tribes have vanished from forest and from plain—
 Well might it be our mission, to foster them again.

The stately image of the Past, looms over us today ;
 And while the Future, bright with hope, still opens out our way,
 Above earth's pomp and pageantry, its wealth and power and fame,
 Let all our hearts be lifted up, because—Redemption came.

Denver, The Beautiful.

O Denver the Beautiful—what shall we bring,
 As a crown for thy brow? What songs shall we sing
 Of thine excellence? How shall we tell
 Of the looks and the ways that become thee, so well?
 In all the bright universe where shall we find,
 The gifts, for thy precious adornment designed?
 What costly apparel, what gems of the sea,
 What diamonds and pearls, shall we offer to thee?

Denver, the Beautiful.

O Denver the Beautiful—in thee are met
 All the sweetest enticements that ever have yet
 Brought unrest.

And hearts thrill with rapture, that win from thine eyes,
 One look of the gladness that slumbering lies,
 In thy breast.

From the crown of thine head to the soles of thy feet,
 Allurement, and grandeur, and harmony, meet—
 While the mountains that guard thee give tribute untold,
 From their fathomless treasure of silver and gold—

Denver, the Beautiful.

O Denver the Beautiful—look to thy ways—
 Too many false lips have been singing thy praise.
 Too many false lovers would drag in the dust,
 And bind thee a slave to the demon of lust.
 Too many caress thee who care but to win,
 Both body and soul, for the temples of sin.
 Too many are false like a pestilent breath,
 That lures, but to lead in the shadow of death,

Denver, the Beautiful.

Oh Denver, the Beautiful—stand in thy lot,
 And forget not the King! For His anger is hot
 Against sin. In the midst of thy splendor, thine heart must be clean.
 And who shall admonish thee, proud hearted queen,
 Of the dangers that threaten? Unless it be they
 Whose hearts, ever loyal, would shield thee away
 From all tokens of wrong. That in garments of white,
 Thy virtue may crown thee, a Fountain of Light—

Denver, the Beautiful.

Kate Shelley.

From the window of her little cot,
 The girl looked out and marked the spot,
 Where the guard light was, and then, was not ;
 And knew it so,
 That the bridge at Honey Creek was down,
 And she must try to reach the town,
 In spite of the storm, and the night's deep frown,
 And let them know.

She went by a pathway rough and drear.
 With a heart that quailed, but not with fear.
 No coward she, but of good cheer,
 And she knew full well, what tale to tell.
 It seemed all vain, for the little maid,
 To undertake to go for aid
 While the waste around her shrank afraid,
 From the tempest yell.

Where brave, strong men, might have stopped, aghast,
 At the yawning gulf so deep and vast,
 Where night's black forms their shadows cast,
 Her fears to wake—
 She tarried not ; for the maiden knew
 That the great Express was nearly due
 And she must be strong and firm and true ;
 Or hearts would ache.

She marks her way, by the lightning's flash,
 While the deluge pours and the thunders crash ;
 And the floods beneath her swirl and dash
 Their crests about.
 See the girlish form as it creeps and clings,
 O'er the creaking bridge—while the tempest wings
 Are beating her ; and danger sings,
 With reck and rout.

With pallid face, and bleeding hands,
 Inside the station door she stands,
 And tells her brief and clear commands,
 And swoons away.
 The rescuers are swift astir ;
 But voices break, and eyes will blur,
 As tenderly they speak of her ;
 So true, they say.
 A message flies along the line,
 And danger signals swing and shine,
 While the night's fierce sleuth hounds fret and whine—
 And lose their prey.

The great train stops, with a sullen roar ;
 And with startled look the crowds outpour,
 And swarm within the station door
 Where she had lain.
 And men turned pale, and women wept,
 As they heard how the young girl toiled and crept
 O'er the open bridge—while they rode and slept,
 Through the storm and rain.
 Kate Shelley—when the deeds of men
 Are sifted—then, and not till then
 Will you know how brave your heart was, when
 You saved the train.

Scandal, How it Goes.

'Tis flying round the neighborhood ;
 'Tis spreading through the town ;
 And smiling faces listen
 With now and then a frown.

The envious are cheering up—
 'Tis welcome news indeed,
 To hear of some unlucky one,
 Whose downfall, is decreed.

Retailers too, of scandal,
For dullness make amends ;
And parrot like, they're passing round
To tell it to their friends.

They sigh, and leer and prattle,
And smile and wonder, so ;
Were never known to tattle,
But only hint, you know.

Advice they're always sowing,
As though they never sinned ;
And yet, the story's going
Like chaff before the wind.

'Tis twisted, twirled, and spouted ;
'Tis flaunted, fleeced, and flung ;
'Tis whispered, whirled, and shouted,
From gossip's busy tongue.

But since you seem to doubt it,
Or pass it lightly by,
I'll tell you this about it ;
It's nearly all, a lie.

PICTURED ROCKS—
McGregor, Iowa.

Come and linger for a day,
 Fling your toils and cares away ;
 Lay aside all thoughts of self,
 Bring along your better self,
 And within this wondrous nook,
 Take a ramble and a look.

Nature's easel, waiting here
 For her artist to appear,
 Till the blind boy came and wrought
 From the stores which she had brought ;
 Hidden in this quiet glen
 From the common haunts of men.

Climb the rugged bluffs that keep
 Sentry round these dells so deep.
 Fields and groves and garnered grain
 Dotting all the distant main.
 Trains and steamers sweeping by,
 Earth so grand, and heaven so nigh.

See the splendid ancient town ;
 See the broken barriers frown,
 Where Wisconsin's current wide
 Breasts the Mississippi's tide.
 Empires crumble to decay—
 Men's ambitions pass away—

Yet remain these wondrous dells ;
 And these frowning sentinels.
 Through the ages since the flood,
 Through old Europe's wars of blood,
 These have stood ; and yet shall stand,
 Work of an Almighty Hand.

S H E R M A N .

That Knightly Commander of Men.

Men learned him, and then grew to love him ;
 His shield bore no shadow of rust ;
 And duty's flag floated above him,
 If humble or great was the trust.
 His heart was so large and so loyal—
 So clear and so wide was his ken ;
 His truth was so clean and so royal—

That Knightly Commander of Men.

From Shiloh on down to Savannah,
 He shirked not nor counseled delay ;
 While a nation in grief, sang Hosannah,
 He was pressing and flanking his way.
 The Celt and the Gaul and the German,
 "His Boys," were all confident when
 They marched and they fought under Sherman—

That Knightly Commander of Men.

Brave Southrons—no valor could save them,
 From trial, and loss and retreat ;
 Yet how generous the terms that he gave them
 When they yielded their all in defeat.
 No triumph, no barrier could stay him,
 Till Lee had surrendered ; till then
 No effort availed to delay him—

That Knightly Commander of Men.

Afield, an invincible leader—
 A Captain superb in the strife ;
 But a chivalrous host when the pleader,
 Was maiden, or mother, or wife.
 They tell, when an army nurse flanked him,
 For her "Boys" in the camp and the den,
 That smiling he said she outranked him—

That Knightly Commander of Men.

To his country he gave no denial,
 But ever his highest and best ;
 Clean handed he wrought through her trial—
 Clean-handed, he went to his rest
 For her was his surest endeavor,
 Of skill and of thought and of pen,
 Be his full fruition forever—

That Knightly Commander of Men.

He strove not for riches nor glory ;
 And after his March to the Sea,
 Let history tell the proud story—
 How he would not be Chief of the free.
 His Fame shall exalt in the nations ;
 From the hilltops through city and glen ;
 His manhood was more than all stations—

That Knightly Commander of Men.

O Who Would be Always Gay?

There are days when life looks dreary,
 Though the sky and earth are fair ;
 When the heart grows sick and weary,
 With its weight of toil and care ;
 When the purest, sweetest pleasures,
 That life in its bloom can bring,
 Are like the voice of triumph,
 In the ear of a conquered King.

When hope seems a sad delusion,
 And love but an idle dream ;
 And joy but a mocking phantom,
 And faith but a turbid stream.
 When the anguished spirit wrestles,
 With its earth born weight of woe,
 And cries to God in its agony
 While the dark waves ebb and flow.

How bright, when the clouds are rifted,
 Pours the precious sunlight through ;
 And how glad when the gloom is lifted,
 Comes the light of hope anew.
 Dark hours, come to chasten our folly,
 Lest we trifle our truth away ;
 O, who would be always gloomy ?
 Or who would be always gay ?

While My Ships Are Coming In.

Many ships to sea I sent ;
 Glad yet anxious, as they went.
 Ships of high and low degree,
 Banners waving full and free.
 Life, to me brings much of cheer
 Though its eve'ning bells I hear,
 Some large plans I might begin,
 But my ships are coming in.

Some grand fleets I sent away,
 Sailing swiftly down the bay,
 Out upon the ocean vast—
 They are coming home at last.
 Some, with cargo rich and rare,
 Some, with decks and stowage bare.
 Sails and halyards, worn and thin—
 These great ships, are coming in.

Some have sailed through Tropic seas,
 With the fragrance-laden breeze ;
 Some, where icebergs loom around,
 Have their dreary pathway found.
 Some have drifted far and wide,
 At the beck of wind and tide.
 Past the rocks and shoals of sin,
 These, my ships, are coming in.

I can see the Victor's prow,
 Coming into harbor, now—
 But Defeat—oh where is she ?
 Has she foundered out at sea ?
 Often, through the passing years,
 I have thought of her with tears ;
 Hoping yet that she might win,
 When my ships were coming in.

Now the Faithful looms in sight ;
 Decks and spars and ensign bright.
 See her gently move and swing ;
 Precious treasure, she may bring.
 Take away these things that mold—
 With the silver and the gold—
 What to me is traffic's din ?
 While my ships are coming in.



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